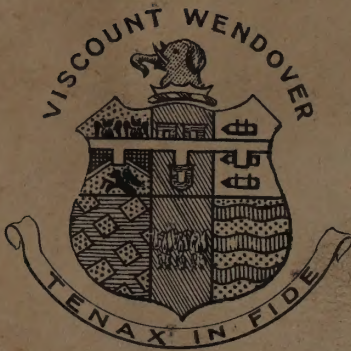


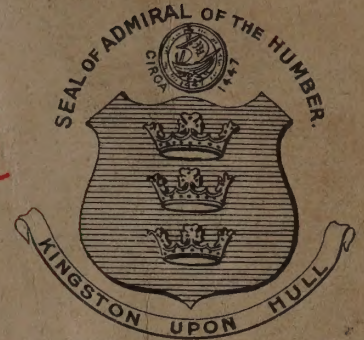


ST. JOHN V.A.D. HOSPITAL,
COTTINGHAM ROAD,
HULL.



Whispers
FROM
Wendoover Ward

EDITED BY *"Staff."*



1ST IMPRESSION.

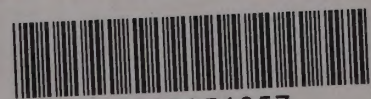
AUTUMN, 1918.

PRICE ? & UPWARDS.

EVERY PENNY REALISED
BY THE SALE OF
THIS BOOKLET
GOES TO BUY

6
SMOKE ABILITIES
FOR OUR
SAILOR AND SOLDIER
PATIENTS.
9





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Foreword

THIS little book—written in the Cottingham Road Hospital—goes to press with the hearty good wishes of the entire Staff for its success and for the speedy recovery of its gifted author, who insists on remaining anonymous.

That “Whispers” will produce “clouds of smoke” in Wendover Ward is the confident belief of the Commandant,

MARJORIE NUNBURNHOLME.

September, 1918.

Editorial Note.

By unwritten law an editor may not address his readers in a 'singular' capacity; so 'here goes' for a first essay at being a pluralist.

In compiling and preparing this booklet for publication, we have had but one object in view—or perhaps two;—to show our appreciation of the many kindnesses, unremitting care, skill and attention lavished upon us by every member of the Nursing Staff at St. John V.A.D. Hospital—we speak now for all Wendover Ward patients—and to turn this, our 'appreciation,' to good account for the cause ever near their hearts—the further 'comforting' of the 'Boys.'

Our objects explained, we desire here, as early as possible, to express our indebtedness to each and all of the numerous helpers who have given such valuable and material aid towards our little production. So many are these that even mention by name would require far more space than we have available; but all have been most kind and generous, and to each one we tender our grateful and sincere thanks.

Primarily, of course, the contents of this booklet will appeal to those who know Wendover Ward, its Staff, or patients; but it is hoped that even those who are not known to any of us will find therein enough of interest to make the purchase of a copy—or *copies*—'worth while,' and that they will recommend it to others.

It is permissible for an editor to be optimistic as to the quality of the 'article' he wishes to vend; so we cry "Buy! Buy! Buy!" Here is something *cheery*, at least, and original, and if *you* are not rewarded for your—as we hope—generous expenditure, the 'Boys' will benefit anyway; so again, Buy! Buy! Buy! and give pleasure to those who tend us so well, and to the "Boys" themselves, including

Yours truly,

The Editor.

Wendover Ward.

IN Wendover Ward it is airy and light ;
There is 'room to breathe,' and a fine accord
Of size and enrichment pleases the sight.
Just right for an invalid—Wendover Ward !

In Wendover Ward is a Sister who reigns
As Queen of us all : for her heart is stored
With sweetness that soothes the severest of pains ;
Her charm is the keynote of Wendover Ward.

In Wendover Ward we have nurses who vie
With the sun, for the joy that they spread abroad :
So cheery and bright—'tis a pleasure to lie
And watch as they 'do things' in Wendover Ward.

In Wendover Ward every 'Tommy' and 'Jack'
Gives such meed of help as his powers afford ;
And one who is 'Both' has the happiest knack
Of 'rendering service' in Wendover Ward.

In Wendover Ward—as the daylight 'goes West'—
With a smile, and a cheery "How now, my lord?"—
'Night-Sister' arrives, to watch over our rest.
We are always well tended in Wendover Ward.

In Wendover Ward, Ah, 'tis lucky we are ;
'Tis a treat to be ill ! And when health is restored,
In sunshine or shadow, at home or afar,
'Twill live in our memories—Wendover Ward !

'STAFF.'

"Ward:—'Shun!"

KEEN, as our Navy ever is keen,
Swift to decide and act.
Bothering not with 'what might have been,'
Getting right down to Fact.

Firm in resolve, as in discipline :
Terse and direct of speech.
Finding life's thread, though 'tis worn and thin,
Gripping it 'like a leech.'

Cool and discerning, 'knowing his man ;'
Patient when things 'go slow.'
Seeing a joke, as a wise man can :
—Wendover Ward's "M.O."

'SARNT.'

The Blue Bird.

LIKE Topsy's, the origin of the Blue Bird is "wropt in mystery." He is known to have existed in that remote era remembered by only a few—and that dimly—yet spoken of, in shops and places where they sell—*some* things, as "Before the War." Then, however, he was indeed 'rara avis'; but now that the species has grown numerous, naturally we find several distinct types developing: so perhaps a few words as to one or two of these will be of interest.

I am confining my remarks to the male Blue Bird, as will be observed, though recently the Lady of that ilk has come into prominence; but on account of her less vivid plumage (strange: but true!) she has been held, even by high authorities, to be of the Wren family.

The male Blue Bird, then, has his habitat in places many and various, but always in a more or less public building. There are two main branches of the family—the 'Land' and the 'Maritime,' the latter including one well-known type whose characteristics are remarkably similar to those of the Diver species.

Both branches, however, are migratory: the 'Land' variety often making far expeditions, but always retaining the strong homing instinct that is so marked a trait of this truly remarkable bird.

The 'Maritime' variety is of less brilliant plumage than his 'Land' brother, probably on account of his sea-board home and long periods of vigilance over the grey waters; but the only other typical difference from the other branch of the family is that, when fully matured, he has been observed, in some cases, to have developed a 'tuft' on the throat, extending in lessening density almost to the eyes; but never impeding his very keen vision. This 'tuft' is never developed by the 'Land' Blue Bird: though an incipient growth may be observed on many of the more fully grown specimens.

In habits the Blue Bird is particularly regular, seldom leaving his resting-place before noon, and invariably returning at an early evening hour. This, usually, is the time when he may be heard raising his voice in song, though throughout the day he often emits a shriller note, akin to that of the Warbler. His full voice, however, is much richer and stronger, and delightful bursts of melody may be heard during the twilight hours and even later: for the Blue Bird is no croaker, nor must he be classed, on any account, with the Jays.

Although famed for his pugnacious instincts when on expeditions, the Blue Bird at home is of an amiable nature and is much prized as a pet. But there is one sort of bird with which he maintains an undying feud:—the dove—'olive' branch. When these two meet, an encounter almost invariably follows, and the Blue Bird, even though maimed by previous encounters with his arch enemy, the grey parrot, never leaves the dove until he has vindicated his own honour.

Speaking generally, the Blue Bird is of a loving and lovable nature, industrious, and fond of domesticity, often devoting infinite pains and no small measure of skill and patience to the adornment of his own nest, and obviously pleased when such adornments are favourably noticed by those who see him working thereat.

Gregarious of habit, his bright plumage is very noticeable in our towns and villages, where he is treated as a welcome and honoured visitor. His pugnacity abroad has given rise to an increasing belief that his species will shortly be practically extinct, but the highest authorities affirm that the Blue Bird will only undergo a metamorphosis, and it is certain that, even when no longer amongst us in his present guise, he will be ever remembered and highly spoken of as essentially and typically a British Bird.

'TIT.'



Nursie.

DAINTY and neat, on noiseless feet
Smilingly flitting around.
Bonnie and gay, busy all day
Where there always is work to be found.
Cheering us all, hearing each call,
Though it be feeble and low.
Bringing us ease, striving to please,
Never 'bothered,' 'too busy' or slow.
Knowing just 'how,' 'Doing it now,'
'Dressing,' or 'washing,' or food.
Patient and kind, never behind:
Little Nursie, you're charming and—GOOD!

JACK.

Flowers.

ALWAYS fresh flowers, spreading their fragrance sweet.
Always their varied colours light our day;
Even the saddest heart is led to beat
With strengthened hope, by such a rich array.
Flowers for all! Bright roses, many-hued;
Sweet-smelling peas, carnations, mignonette,
Asters and pansies; all full oft renewed,
Blended in perfect harmony, and set
By skilful hands, to show their beauties well.
Brought from afar—an added kindliness—
No words our heartfelt gratitude can tell;
But, "Dame des Fleurs," we Thank you, none the less!

'HORTAMICUS.'

" Silence ! "

ONE day, when the Sister cried, "Boise:
I really can't have so much noise!"
Such a silence befel
That soon she cried, "Well;
You're as dumb as a Ward-full of 'toise'!"

'Matron.'

NEVER a day goes by, but, morn and eve,
A visit from the Matron we receive,
Kindly and gracious. Every patient's name
Remembered, with the reason why he came
To Hospital. A helpful cheery word
For each ; and every faintest answer heard
With understanding, gentle sympathy
That brings the thought, "The Matron thinks of me!"
Anon, well-laden with a precious gift
Of fruit or dainty, weakness to uplift,
Smilingly comes our 'Lady Bountiful'—
Matron—and Mother to her Hospital.

'INVARIANT.'

'Gwladys.'

WHO is it that, with eyes of blue,
Comes round and coolly stares at you,
Without so much as "How d'ye do?"
Why—Gwladys!
Who was it ate 'fish diet' till
So plainly had she 'had her fill'
That it was feared she would be ill?
Why—Gwladys!
Who disregards all rules, and sits
On beds? Who gives canaries fits?
That mischief-loving 'Kit of Kits,'
—Our Gwladys!

'LIVELY.'

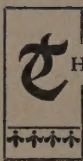
'Warned !'

PATIENT was told by his Nurse,
"If you get out of bed you'll be 'wurse';"
But he thought, "That's all talk!"
So he took a short walk—
He has now had a *ride*—in a 'hurse!'

A Famous Diarist Visits Wendover Ward.

Aug. Nth. '18.

K. upon H.

HYS day with my Lord N. to visit St. John hys Hospitall: a ryghte elegante pile—he tellynge how 'twas builded by ye Citie Fathers for a College of Tecnicks, or some such, juste before ye Warre, and forthryghte put to ye goode worke now housed soe finely therein.

Here a moste pleasaunt surpryse: we wellcomed by *Ladye N.*, as Commandante,—yet an other of her La'sh'p's. Warre Workes yt are soe many and soe well Performed.

Withal, ye Matron I do finde to be none other than *Mistress Haines*, R.R.C., to who's valued ackuayntance ye King his Physician hadde brought me, what time yt goode Ladye tended our late Moste Gracious Soverayne in Hys Ma'stie's sicknesse of Appendicytis.

So to Wendover Ward: verilie Bryghte within and without—a fitte settinge for *Sister Newell*, who's Care and Delyghte it is. From ye great mullyoned Bays we look't oute upon a wide stretch of meadowes, freshynglie greene and cool: where ripplynge *Brooks birb eckstatic* murmurs and where-in shayde is spread by surelie ye restfullest *Wood man's eye* ever did see.

Within, nurses daintie and gaie enow to sweeten ye sourest Physic *ran s' wickedlie* smilynge eyes over us, yt *franklie*, I was glad to have donned my newest uniforme—ye lyghte Blue of ye R.A.F., Recvr Gen'l of Screwes, Large, (Mk +), my epaulettes bearynge cros't Screwes of Brasse and my lapelles, Tabs of Guinea Gold; all very smarte.

To each patient a worde or two: they all ryghte cheerfull—Navy's men on ye one side and those of ye Army on t'other; all doing excellent Well in such goode care. A stop att one Boy hys cot: he, ye *Surjon especial* prowde of—a “cherub” *Lad*, onlie in hys teenes, and loste a legge: hadde

beene *in Gramercy* knowes what Payne withoute soe much as a Crie escapyng hym. Hys stubbe lay'd on a bolster yt is called a "Donkey," and ye lad laughynge "to have hadde soe long a ride"!

Again, one soe sore Wounded yt 'twould seeme yt all ye *laws on* human Endurance were agaynst hym: yet he, too, Merrie withal, and thus on a stomach *emptie* for daies, and with Payne nigh insufferable for manie monthes!

Verily, methinks, two True Sons of Brittain!!

Anon, to one *lean in Girth*, forsoothe, yet chirpy withal, soe yt Sister dubbeth hym 'Dickie Bird,' but he do chirp oute to be at leaste "*Richard*" so named; acceptynge hys new *ilk in songsters* with aplomb.

Soe to ye Operatynge Theater: full craftilie fitted oute, and containynge instrumentes of *nichol so numerous* and fierce-lookynge as did make my head to Reele. Here sawe I also, a tiny contrivance yclept "hypodermic syringe;" wherewithal doth Science, from an hollow needle no greater than a *Thorn*, cast *legge* or arme into a deep Sleepe; so yt ye Patient feel nought of payne, even tho' he see ye Scalpel cuttyng hym.

Trulie a wonderful thyng, as indeede is all chirurgerie now-a-daies!

Soe we wend over all ye Hospitall: yet of all soe Bryghte and Comfortable everywhere, foremoste in our minds ever will remayne—Wendover Ward!

'LECTEUR.'

A "Case" for "Caution."

M.O. (to thin, bronchial patient):—"You don't call *that* a chest, do you?"

Patient:—"No, sir. Seems more like a 'coffer,' doesn't it?"

(And Sister nearly gave him a "box"—on the ears.)



Soldier, Sailor and Man!

ONE of Old England's stalwarts:
Served her in every clime.
A Blue Marine, who has done and seen
Deeds that will live through Time.

Back at his peaceful homestead
When War burst forth in flame;
Tilling his land with skilful hand,—
Left it at once,—and *Came*

Smilingly into the Dépôt,
Joining his ship for "The Day."
Back to his gun, "to share in the fun;"
Chafing at 'Bill's' delay.

Well to the fore at Jutland,
Firing the 'Old Girl' hot.
Shewing the Hun how to *use* a gun;
Giving more than he got.

Later, a turn in Flanders,
Howitzers there, for 'pets,'
Khaki and mud! but the same old blood
Paying off Fritz's debts.

Broken, and back to Blighty;
Wendover Ward and—rest;
Soon on his feet: then, 'as a treat,'
Serving his mates his best.

Tending the helpless always;
'Handyman,' ever serene.
Still, to the end, everyone's friend,—
Gubbins—the Blue Marine!

'STAFF.'

"A Drop o' Muvver's."

W'EN you're sufferin' from drought,
So yer tongue is 'anging out,
An' the corners of yer mouth seem full o' sand :
W'en yer feel as yer could drink
Aw'most anyfing—bar ink,
Ain't a little drop o' Muvver's *somefink grand*?
W'en you've jest ' bin thro' the mill,
An' you're feelin' rotten ill—
Jest as empty as a drum, an' limp as string ;
W'en you've coughed up all the gas,
An' you're longin' for a " Bass,"
W'y—a little drop o' Muvver's is *The Thing*.
W'en the afternoon 'as dragged,
An' you're feelin' done an' fagged,
A'wonderin' 'ow you'll worry through the night,
Jes' wait until yer see
Nursie bring the " Nancy Lee"—
For a little drop o' Muvver's *puts yer right*.

' REEKIE.'

Please Don't :—

Mock ' Turtle ' with Champagne.
Imagine that we are ' unkempt ' in Wendover Ward.
" *Fill the Flowing Bowl*" for bed patients' ablutions. It may mean
" A Wet Sheet and a Flowing Tide."
Ask our Bo'sun's Mate if he is teaching the canary to ' pipe.'
Mistake Sandy's ' Badge ' for crazy-work.
Think the ' Assistant Dresser ' is a ' hokey-pokey ' man—' barrer an' all.'

Visitors.

THE BOY WHO LAY IN HOSPITAL
Was feeling sick and sore,
Often he asked what time it was ;
Oft looked he toward the door.
From East and West, and South and North,
The Visitors came fast,
And every cot seemed visited
But his ; until—at last
The long-awaited ones arrived,
And, as his friends drew near,
Even the BOY WHO LAY SO STILL
Could scarce forbear to cheer.
On Sundays and on Thursdays,
My moral still holds good ;—
Come if you *can* ' to look him up,'
Because—you *said* you would.

' EXPECTANT.'

Whispered :--

THAT a well-deserved Decoration is coming to Two whom we all
Right Rejoicefully Congratulate.

That the Golliwog Merchants of 'W.W.' are working early and late
on 'Bespoke Orders.'

That they have been reinforced by a Helper whose novel Designs will
bring still more Business.

That 'The Navy' is 'Right Hand' of Wendover Ward in more than
the literal (or lateral) sense.

That 1st Cl. P.O. Cridge and his 'Mate' Turtle are invaluable and
indefatigable 'Aides.'

That 'The Inseparables' are 'Going South' before the Winter is
over.

That their Gain will mean severe Loss to Wendover Ward and St. John
Hospital; but

That everyone wishes them "Bon Voyage" and the very Best of
Luck—always.

That "Whispers," First Impression, will be sold out shortly, and

That 'The Boys' hope so: for 'Smokeabilities' are 'Necessaries'—
and 'Matchless' Comforts, now-a-days.



To the 'Boys':

AS a 'fitty' conclusion to our little book, the Editor would like a brief chat with the Comrades who share the comfort and care herein 'appreciated,' even as they share in that appreciation we have tried to voice.

With you, who know your Editor, there is but little fear of any misunderstanding as to the motive prompting these words:—to ask your co-operation in doing all we can to help our kind friends, the Sisters and Nurses by doing all we can to help ourselves.

Often, a little thought for *them* would save added strain upon their fully-taxed strength, always so willingly and cheerfully expended for *us*.

To that end—which, you will agree, is but a small means of proving our appreciation—your Editor asks you, one and all:—

To do, or refrain from doing, as the case may be, anything that they ask, or advise.—“There’s a Reason,”—always!

To avoid calling them from other parts of the Ward, when, if you wait a minute, one will be passing.—Every step ‘tells’ in a day’s work such as theirs!

Never to let yourself think that you are “the worst case in the ward,”—If you were, you would be far too ill to think about it. And besides,—self-pity never yet helped *anyone*!

These little ‘considerations’ will help our friends and will not ‘over-tax’ *us*; eh? So ‘what say’ to giving them a trial?

Hoping that you will enjoy our little ‘skits an’ doin’s,’ and wishing you all the best of luck!

Your cheery Comrade and

‘Editor.’

LARTER AND BOTTAMLEY, PRINTERS, HULL.
